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GIVEN BY

Charles P. Greenough

Shakeſpeare's Ghoſt!

OUR immortal BARD,—who was as good an ENGLISHMAN as a POET; whoſe Breaſt glowed as much with Enthuſiaſtic LOVE OF HIS COUNTRY, as his Fancy with Poetic Fire,—addreſſes his COUNTRYMEN in the following animated Strain:

BRITONS!

BE STIRRING AS THE TIME; BE FIRE WITH FIRE,
Threaten the Threatener, and out-face the brow
Of bragging horror; ſo ſhall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviours from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
THE DAUNTLESS SPIRIT OF RESOLUTION.
Away; and gliſter like the God of War
When he intendeth to become the field:
Shew boldneſs, and aſpiring confidence.
What! SHALL THEY SEEK THE LION IN HIS DEN?
AND FRIGHT HIM THERE; AND MAKE HIM TREMBLE THERE?
OH, LET IT NOT BE SAID!—Forage and run
To meet diſpleaſure farther from the doors;
AND GRAPPLE WITH HIM, ERE HE COME SO NIGH.——
——Shall we, upon the footing of our Land,
Send fair-play orders, and make compromiſe,
Inſinuation, parley, and baſe truce
To Arms Invaſive? Shall a ————————
———————— brave our fields,
And ſtaſh his ſpirit in a warlike ſoil,
Mocking the air with colours idly ſpread,
And find no check?——LET US TO ARMS!
———————— Now on, you NOBLEST ENGLISH,
Whoſe blood is fetch'd from Fathers of war-proof;
Fathers, that, like ſo many Alexanders,
Have on French ſoil from morn till even fought,
And ſheath'd their ſwords for lack of argument.—
Diſhonour not your Mothers; now atteſt,
That thoſe, whom you call'd Fathers, did beget you.
Be copy now to men of groſſer blood,
And teach them how to war. AND YOU GOOD YEOMEN,
Whoſe Limbs were made in ENGLAND, ſhew us now
The metal of your Paſture: Let us know
That you are worth your breeding, which I doubt not:
For there is none of you ſo mean and low
That hath not noble luſtre in your eyes;
I ſee you ſtand like Greyhounds in the ſlips,
Straining upon the ſtart. THE GAME's A-FOOT;
FOLLOW YOUR SPIRIT; and, upon this Charge,
Cry God for Us! For ENGLAND! and KING GEORGE.

BRITONS! — — — — — — — — — —
THIS ENGLAND NEVER DID (NOR NEVER SHALL)
LIE AT THE PROUD FOOT OF A CONQUEROR,
But when it firſt doth help to wound itſelf.——
——Let come three corners of the World in Arms,
And we ſhall ſhock them: NOUGHT SHALL MAKE US RUE,
IF ENGLAND TO ITSELF DO REST BUT TRUE.

SHAKESPEARE often delights us on the Stage in the Hour of Amuſement,—let him now in the HOUR OF PERIL inſpire us with that PATRIOTISM and COURAGE which animated our Forefathers to thoſe DEEDS OF GLORY which he deſcribes.—SHAKESPEARE now ſpeaks in the Character of A TRUE ENGLISHMAN and A STURDY JOHN BULL, indignant that a FRENCH ARMY ſhould WAGE WAR IN OUR ISLE: And in the Character of the heroic Harry the Fifth, who led our Forefathers to DEEDS OF GLORY in the HEART OF FRANCE—Deeds which no Achievements have yet excelled, and which will ever honour our National Character, unleſs O'ERCLOUDED BY OUR WANT OF SPIRIT. Shall France, who acknowledged this Prince their Lord, now impoſe her Yoke upon Us? Need it be told that, led by this Royal Hero, an intrepid Band of Twelve Thouſand Men, encountered and vanquiſhed a Mighty Hoſt of SIXTY THOUSAND?—Theſe courageous Men were BRITONS—WE too are BRITONS;—Let, then, all who claim that Title, and whoſe Veins flow with BRITISH BLOOD, emulate the ARDOUR, the COURAGE, the GLORY of their ANCESTOR, and ſtrive to preſerve that Renown for their POSTERITY, which the HEROES of AGINCOURT and CRESSY have tranſmitted to us.—And MAY WE EQUALLY DESERVE THE ADMIRATION OF AFTER-AGES!

H.

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